

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarfe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Doug. Thats the worst tydings that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty found.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtie thousand.

Hot. Fortie let it bee.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs may serue so great a day.

Come, let vs muster speedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talke not of dying: I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere.

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.

Fal. *Bardol*, get thee before to *Conentry*, fill mee a bottle of
Sacke, our Souldiers shall march through; Weele to *Sutton* cop-
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue mee money, Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Fal. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie,
take them all, I'll answer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto*
meet me at *Townes* end.

Bar. I will, Captaine: farewell.

Exit.

Fal. If I be asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a fowle Gurnet; I
haue misused the Kings presse damnably. I haue got in exchange
of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I presse mee none but
good Housholders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out contracted
Bachelers, such as had ben askt twice on the Banes, such a com-
moditie of warine slues, as had as lief heare the Diuell as a
Drumme, such as feare the report of a Caluer, worse then a
strok-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I presse mee none but such
Tofts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins
heads, and they haue bought out their seruices: and now, my
whole

whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Li-
Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Laz*
painted Cloth where the Glumons Dogs licked hi-
such as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but discarded
uingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolt
and Ostlers, trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme wor-
peace, times more dishonourable ragged, then an o-
cient: and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of th-
bought out their seruices, that you would thinke,
hundred and fiftie tottered Prôdigals, lately come f-
keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fello-
on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the gi-
prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such Sk-
He not march thorow *Conentry* with them, that's fi-
the villains march wide betweene the legs, as if they
on, for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison
a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe
Napkins tacker together, and throwne ouer the sh-
a Herald's coate without sleeves; and the Shirt, to sa-
stolne from mine Host of *S. Albanes*, or the red-nob
of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'll finde Linner
euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now blowne lacke? how now Quill?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad wag, what a diue
in *Warwickshire*? My good L. of *Westmerland*, I cry y-
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesbur*

West. Fayth, *Sir John*, 'tis more then time, that I
and you too; but my powers are there already: th-
tell you, lookes for vs all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare; tell me, I am as vigilant as a C-
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy th-
ready made thee butter: but tell mee, *Jacks*, whose f-
these that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such pittifull rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to roste, food for po-